THE COPY OF A LETTER

FROM

An Officer under the Lord *Lambert*,

Giving an Account

Of a Riſing in *DERBY*.

Of Col. Charles White, *his proclaiming* Booth's *Declaration.*

And how they were diſperſed.

Communicated in Letters from Col. *Sanders*, Col. *Mitchell*, and Major *Barton* to the Lord *Lambert*.

With the laſt News from CHESTER, and LEVERPOOLE.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Brewſter*. 1659.

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An Officer under the Lord Lambert,
Giving an Account
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Of Col. Charles White, his proclaiming
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And how they were dispersed.

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A LETTER

From an Officer under the Lord Lambert, *giving an account of a rising at* DERBY.

Honoured Sir,

SInce I saw you I have had little rest, for the Lord *Lambert* required me to wait upon him towards *Cheshire*; and this day being at *Stafford*, news was brought him of a Rising in *Derby*; for the quelling of which he presently ordered One hundred Dragoons, and about One hundred and fifty Horse to march

march for *Derby*, giving the command to Major *Grove*, and commanded me to goe with him. Away we marcht to *Utceter* (where we are now) intending reſolvedly to fall into them at *Derby* this night; but while we were refreſhing, a meſſenger came with Letters from Col. *Sanders*, Col. *Mitchel*, and Major *Barton*, to give an account that the buſineſs was at preſent ended. The beginning was thus: Yeſterday divers Commiſſioners being buſie in raiſing and ſetling the Militia, about eleven a clock Col. *Charles White*, with ſome few, came into the Town, and openly proclaimed *Booths* Declaration, whereupon all the town roſe, ſhut up their ſhops, ſeaſed upon many of Militia horſes, with ſhouting, Cap. *Doubty* turned on their ſide, and drew many of his

his new men to him, and in the mideſt of this Confuſion, Col. *Sanders* came in amongſt them, asking them what they would have, drew them all to the Green, where they all deſired him to own their quarrel, and be their leader; he refuſed, and had liberty to go Home and afterwards they drew into the Town, and moultered away, ſo that this morning there was not one left to appear, the active Townſmen crying Pecavy; and thus our journey is ſtopt and we are upon returning, ſave one Troop goes forward thither:

Now for Cheſter, *this was the laſt News, at ſeven a clock this day to the Lord* Lambert: *That the Enemies numbers doe ſomething leſſen. We have had Eighteen Troopes in their teethes theſe three daies, but can doe little for want of*

our

our Foot; but we shall quickly now, for they lay the last night at Stafford: and untill they come up, for conveniency of provision and quarters, our Brigade of Horse lye about Drayton. They doe make much of Leverpoole, Col. Ireland is Governour, 'Tis thought some of their hot spirits begin now to coole; they will ere long be lapt closer together. I am both weary and in haste. I remaine

Yours to serve you

S. S.

Uttceter, Auguſt 13. three a clock.